



"We're going to need some more FBI guys."



Chaz

 [cvillette](#)

<https://cvillette.livejournal.com/>

2007-11-09 21:35:00

MOOD: 😊 content

MUSIC: H&D&T watching "Die Hard" in the other room

So we wound up getting pizza for dinner instead, having been Virtuous at lunch. (<https://www.livejournal.com/away?to=http%3A/www.fitday.com/webfit/publicjournals.html%3FOwner%3Dcvillette%26Year%3D2007%26Month%3D10%26Day%3D9>)

Hafs got the doughnut. I don't want to talk about it, but it involved a ransom note for eight chocolate cockroaches.

You ever notice how in the movies we're either invulnerable, or idiots?

...okay, I could cop to idiocy...



[locked] Dream Journal

All right, unconscious mind. We're coming to an accommodation. If the dreams are you cleaning house, putting

Elvis doesn't live here anymore.

Hey there. Sorry about the drama. It was... it was an emotional decision, and I didn't handle it well. So yeah, I'm

Poppets. Puppets. Poppet puppets.
Scary.

39 comments



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[November 10 2007, 04:33:15 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Conspiracy is the act of entering into a contract to do eeeevil. Anybody who'd sign on-- Well, honeypie, let's just say you should always have as much dirt on your co-conspirators as they have on you.



 [cvillette](#)

[November 10 2007, 04:40:48 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

All my conspiracies are only for good!



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[November 10 2007, 04:59:23 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Poor little roaches just needed homes and luv...



[cvillette](#)

[November 10 2007, 05:01:39 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Is it MY fault that Brady couldn't be bothered to find out how tasty they were?

I mean, Todd just *ate* his. And thanked me for it, post-it on my monitor in perfect penmanship.

I'm not sure if that's a grave disappointment, or the funniest reaction of all.



[trollcatz](#)

[November 10 2007, 05:09:02 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

BWAH! Well, it was trick or *treat*.

I kept waiting for Duke to go off, and nothing happened. I thought maybe he'd squished it under that stack of--what *are* those books on his desk, anyway?--without noticing. But now all is explained.

Oh, dear, I think Monday I'm going to ask him what the weirdest thing he ever ate was.



[cvillette](#)

[November 10 2007, 05:12:19 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

I don't think I want to know what the weirdest thing Duke ever ate was. I'm afraid it will turn out to be Long Pig. Or worse.

Also, you'll have to wait until Tuesday. I mean, I know we're really there like seven days a week? But after last weekend, *I* am enforcing Veteran's Day (observed) unless we get a go. And if you are wise, you will too. (Anyway, I happen to know Todd took off for New York at 4:30 on the dot. His leathers were in the coat closet this morning.)

There has to be some occasional advantage to this federal employee thing.



[trollcatz](#)

[November 10 2007, 06:02:57 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

It's that time already? Oh, thank gawd. Maybe this week I'll even get the Sunday paper read.



[cvillette](#)

[November 10 2007, 06:07:52 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Sleep in. Snuggle the sweetie. Think of those of us without sweeties to snuggle.

I really should get a cat.



[Ometotchtli](#)

[November 10 2007, 06:13:32 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Hah. Cat snuggling is all on the cat's terms. Cats want to snuggle when it's a hundred degrees and ninety-eight percent humidity. Chilly Sunday morning? Bugger that, stupid human. Time for sitting aloof in the sun on the windowsill.

What you should get is a *girlfriend*. Girlfriends even feed themselves.




[cvillette](#)

[November 10 2007, 06:17:36 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Oh, tosh. I *like* cats.

And the landlady won't let me have a coyote.



 [cvillette](#)


[November 10 2007, 06:20:06 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

And cats are more forgiving of long absences and Jobs You Can't Talk About than girlfriends are.

Besides, you can't get a girlfriend at the women's shelter.

...well, you could, I guess. But I suspect it would turn out poorly.




 [trollcatz](#)

[November 10 2007, 06:22:55 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

horrified, yet uncontrollable laughter



 [cvillette](#)

[November 10 2007, 06:25:23 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)


This is where the uncontrollable pattern-matching comes in not so handy, see?

cat shelter \neq women's shelter.

but tell my parser that.

yes, I was diagnosed autistic for a while too. :-P Funny you should ask.



 [trollcatz](#)

[November 10 2007, 06:33:12 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

But, but, but--IS handy! That's what comedy is made of, isn't it? Not to mention all sorts of problem-solving neural processing. Linear thinking is no damned good for some stuff. Why should it get all the reinforcement?



 [cvillette](#)

[November 10 2007, 06:36:48 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Is handy. Saves the day!

Not so good for picking up chicks, though. The instant you stop thinking about everything that comes out of your mouth, they give you that look like you just sprang a leak, and it's all over but the "Let's just be friends" speech.



 [trollcatz](#)

[November 10 2007, 06:44:38 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Some chick, someday, maybe not so much. We all think you're cool, and we're not *that* weird. Okay, Duke is that weird. But the rest of us can pass for normal for *hours* at a time.




 [cvillette](#)

[November 10 2007, 11:46:06 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Yeah, well, think of Sol heading north on a Harley in 37-degree weather for his last gasp of the season, and wonder, if that's your barometer for normal, how wrong your barometer for normal has become....




 **Ometotchtli**

November 10 2007, 15:46:40 UTC [COLLAPSE](#)

Duke is a *biker*. There's your not-normal right there. He makes me look tame.

Odds on him knocking back the Thera-Flu by Thursday?



 **cvillette**


November 11 2007, 03:55:07 UTC [COLLAPSE](#)

One of his many ex-girlfriends ships him Lemsip from the UK.

He's *hardcore*.

And I'm not taking that bet.



 **trollcatz**

November 10 2007, 06:49:11 UTC [COLLAPSE](#)

Oh, god, oh, god. I'm sorry. I am a bad person. But I just keep thinking "no-kill shelter!" and bursting out laughing. Gah!



 **cvillette**

November 10 2007, 11:47:04 UTC [COLLAPSE](#)

See, if only you had a twin.

(Rescue girlfriends always come with emotional problems.)

...You may be a bad person, but I'm a monster.



 **trollcatz**

November 10 2007, 15:40:34 UTC [COLLAPSE](#)

You need to hook up with a paramedic. They *all* have my sense of humor. Oh, or Search and Rescue. (You know, if you ever decide you never want to wear a tie again, you'd be amazing in Search and Rescue.)

For fluffy, Maurice-Sendak, non-pejorative values of "monster." *g*



 **cvillette**

November 11 2007, 03:54:24 UTC [COLLAPSE](#)

I keep hoping for a nice climber chick, but they're **all** taken. I think I need to find a relationship that looks like it's on the rock, and hang around like a ~~cruising shark~~ supportive pal.

Never wearing a tie again has some profound appeal.



 **Ometotchtli**

November 10 2007, 15:41:50 UTC [COLLAPSE](#)

Hah. On some level, we're ALL rescues.



[cvillette](#)

[November 11 2007, 03:52:58 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

You are. So right.

Reyes & Falkner's shelter for underfed betas is in business and taking applicants.



[trollcatz](#)

[November 10 2007, 04:37:09 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

In an evidence sweep, I secured the ransom note. Once the ~~framer's~~ crime lab has finished with it, it will go ~~on the wall in the kitchenette~~ into the casefile.



[cvillette](#)

[November 10 2007, 04:40:18 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

It's almost like not being an only child after all...



[trollcatz](#)

[November 10 2007, 04:56:45 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Only extra-good, because you have learned NO COPING STRATEGIES EARLY IN LIFE.

I, on the other hand, was a youngest, and am desperate to pass on years of filial torment. Suck it up, sticky-feet!



[cvillette](#)

[November 10 2007, 04:58:29 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

I am Chaz's long-suffering sigh.

I could probably learn to sigh like a big, put-upon dog if I got enough practice.



[trollcatz](#)

[November 10 2007, 05:02:57 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

No, no, not dog-sigh! Not the exhalation that can be heard at the other end of a 2500-square-foot house with plaster walls and solid-core doors! (I swear to god it can. I knew a rottie who could do it. She used it to get anything she wanted, having failed to notice that she had other, more obvious resources at her disposal.)



[cvillette](#)

[November 10 2007, 05:04:36 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

sighs

pathetically

with uplifted eyes

mopes a little for good measure





[trollcatz](#)



[November 10 2007, 05:12:08 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Awwwwwww!

It works! My heart is melted! I'll get it a REALLY GOOD frame. *g*

L   [cvillette](#)
November 10 2007, 05:13:14 UTC [COLLAPSE](#)



flops down in the corner, nose on paws, and sighs again

L   [Ometotchtli](#)
November 10 2007, 06:08:57 UTC [COLLAPSE](#)

skritchies consolingly behind drooping coyote ears



also offers entire consolatory elk carcass

Churrascariaaaaaaaaaa...



L  [dogs in elk!](#)
 [cvillette](#)
November 10 2007, 06:10:41 UTC [COLLAPSE](#)

perks up



Tomorrow?

L  [Re: dogs in elk!](#)
 [trollcatz](#)
November 10 2007, 06:15:46 UTC [COLLAPSE](#)



DOGS IN ELK! DOGS IN ELK! EEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

L  [Re: dogs in elk!](#)
 [cvillette](#)
November 10 2007, 06:18:06 UTC [COLLAPSE](#)

MY PEOPLE!

L  [Re: dogs in elk!](#)
 [Ometotchtli](#)
November 10 2007, 06:18:50 UTC [COLLAPSE](#)

Sí, mijo. Tomorrow we devour Brazil.

L  [Re: dogs in elk!](#)
 [cvillette](#)
November 10 2007, 06:21:24 UTC [COLLAPSE](#)

That's my wabbit.

[locked] Dream Journal

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